

Last Stand

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Summary: Surrounded by the enemy, with almost no hope. Only the presence of a Spartan keeps the Marines Fighting. Please R&R, new chapter in progress, up soon.

Last Stand

Chief Domanius cursed under his breath; as yet another marine fell under the hail of plasma. He had been camped out doing recon on an enemy position, when he had been ambushed by a small covenant patrol. He had managed to take out the two elite's, but didn't get to the lone grunt in time. The grunt had run back to the enemy base, its screams alerting every covenant warrior within the base. Chief Domanius had mentally consigned himself to the scrap heap, which had claimed so many before him, when he was confronted by a squad of 38 marines from a nearby UNSC base.

Now he was making a last stand with around 16 marines left, the rest having been wiped out by the enemy fire. 'Sir!' Domanius' head snapped around, and focused on a marine with the insignia of a Colonel. 'What is it, Col. Saunders?' Domanius growled, making the colonel flinch. 'Sir, we have 15 marines left, against almost 3 companies of covenant. We have no chance! We have to get back to base!' Chief Domanius sighed. He had thought of this already, but they were surrounded, with covenant on all sides except for a cliff wall, which the marines had their backs to.

'Yes colonel, I know that, however we have no path to get back to base, except through this flood of covenant.' 'Sir! That is why I took the liberty of calling back to base sir! They are detaching 6 quads and 3 Warthogs to our current position! With their help I believe we can make a tactical withdrawal back to base!' The Chief's thoughts raced at this thought. He was almost out of ammunition for his battle rifle as it was. If he were able to commandeer a quad, he would be able to wreak true havoc on these covenant fools. 'Good work colonel!' he said, but his praise was lost, as there was, at that exact moment, a blast from overhead, drowning out all sound.

A marine came running up, and barked out, in an obviously panicked voice 'Sir! They have wraiths enforcing their lines sir, and also several ghosts! However, sir, I think we may be able to create a small bit of shelter till our reinforcements come, but we are losing men fast! ' not saying a word, Domanius took off at a run, giving a startled marine his battle rifle, and pulling the pistol out of the marines hands. He pulled some ammo off the ground, and reloaded the pistol. He leapt behind a rock, just as twin beams of plasma cannoned into the wall which he had been pressed up against only moments before. He peered cautiously over the top of the rock, spotting the ghost, which had been shooting at him, now hassling the crude outpost the marines were constructing He took careful aim, and dispatched the rider with a shot to the head. Too easy, he thought to himself. He ran over to the ghost, and crouched behind it He thought about driving it for a split second, before he remembered he hated driving. He saw another ghost, and quickly dispatched the rider with a round of ammunition from his pistol. He sent another round of ammunition into the engine of the ghost, and dived for cover. Moments later, the ghost exploded, leaving a charred black patch on the ground.

>Domanius heard a whining sound from behind. Another ghost was coming up behind him! He spun around, and fired. Click! Click!<br>Domanius cursed under his breath, and all the while the ghost gunned towards him

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